





INFINITE WAR EPIC

*It began with a boy. It ended
with everything.*

VAELIX

Infinite War Epic

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CHAPTER 1: THE BLACK SUIT SYNDICATE

The school bell rang not with cheer, but like a warning.

Chungdam International High School stood tall in Gangnam — polished glass walls, state-of-the-art classrooms, rooftop gardens. It was a school where the elite polished their pedigree, and the working-class scholarship kids learned to survive. Uniforms were perfect, shoes shined, smiles tight. But under it all, it was a battlefield.

And today, the battlefield welcomed back its king.

At 8:12 AM, three black cars rolled into the campus parking lot. Not black like business — black like threat. Sleek, armored, quiet as predators. The security guard straightened his back, but didn't dare step forward.

From the middle car, the back door opened.

First came the sound — tap ... tap ... tap .

Polished leather shoes. Shiny like mirrors. Every step was a sentence, and every sentence said: “You don’t matter.”

He stepped out slowly. Tall. Slender. Hair perfectly parted. His uniform was tailored, but he wore no school badge — as if the school itself bowed to him. His face was unreadable — eyes sharp, skin pale, lips tight, untouched by any emotion.

Nam Kyun-tae.

The name hadn’t been heard in months. But every whisper of it still froze hearts in stairwells and corridors. He had disappeared last semester, after “that incident” with the Guro High student. The one who ended up in a coma.

Some said Kyun-tae had been suspended. Some said he’d been sent to Japan. Others said the boy in the coma

had insulted the wrong chaebol heir — and Kyun-tae had simply delivered justice.

What no one said aloud was this:

Kyun-tae never lost. He just vanished when it got boring.

And now he was back.

He didn't speak. His eyes scanned the school building like a wolf returning to his territory. Behind him, three other students exited the car — all in uniform, but with armbands: deep crimson with a stitched insignia.

A snake wrapped around a crown.

These were his lieutenants — the enforcers of his clique, The Black Suit Syndicate . They had ranks, nicknames, and territories. One controlled the science wing. Another ruled the sports fields. The third had a permanent desk in the principal's office — not as a student, but as a shadow advisor.

As they walked through the school gates, the noise dimmed. Conversations dropped. Feet stepped aside. Even teachers paused before speaking.

A freshman, not recognizing the atmosphere, bumped shoulders with Kyun-tae.

The world stopped.

Kyun-tae turned his head slowly. The boy stuttered, eyes wide. He muttered an apology. Kyun-tae didn't respond. He just raised one hand — palm open, fingers extended.

One of his lieutenants stepped forward silently and slapped the freshman to the floor.

Not hard. Just enough. Enough to leave a message.

“This is not your world. You're lucky we let you walk in it.”

As they entered the main hallway, a digital board flickered on. It was set to display “Welcome back, alumni guest speaker.” But it glitched — and for just a moment, the entire screen went black, then showed a phrase in red pixels:

“THE KING RETURNS.”

Coincidence? Or message? No one knew.

By lunch, the entire school knew one thing:

Kyun-tae was back. And the reign of silence had begun again.

End of Chapter 1.

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CHAPTER 2: THE DOG WHO DOESN'T BOW

If Kyun-tae was the storm that passed without wind,
Oh Jae-seok was the fire that refused to die.

He didn't come in black cars. He came on foot. Alone.

He didn't need symbols, suits, or bodyguards. His name
was his weapon, his fists were his signature, and his
story was already written on the walls.

No one forgot the day he'd slammed a third-year into a
vending machine just because the boy had "looked down
on" a janitor. Or when he threw a chair out the window
during midterms and dared the principal to expel him —
and then got invited to represent the school in the
national Taekwondo finals the same week.

He wasn't a bully.

He was a wolf raised in a cage — and somehow, they'd given him a student ID.

Now, standing in the courtyard of Chungdam High, Oh Jae-seok lit a cigarette behind the old gym, eyes narrowed toward the main building. His uniform blazer was missing. His sleeves were rolled up, arms scarred from fights both official and not. A long white bandage wrapped around his right hand — but no one had seen him injured.

Maybe he wore it as a reminder. Or maybe it was a warning.

“Don't ask what happened. Ask if you're next.”

Around him, two boys from Year 2 whispered nervously.

“Is it true he turned down that gang offer from Busan?”

“Yeah. Said if he wanted to be a dog, he’d bark. But he’s a tiger.”

At that moment, a student rushed in from the hallway.
“Yo! Kyun-tae’s back!”

Jae-seok exhaled. Not smoke — laughter.

Low, slow, dangerous laughter.

“So the prince returns,” he muttered, cracking his knuckles. “And here I was getting bored.”

In this school, there were two types of power :

The strategic tyranny of Nam Kyun-tae — whispers, fear, manipulation. He ruled like a CEO in a boardroom.

The raw dominance of Oh Jae-seok — fire, respect, unpredictability. He ruled like a king in exile.

They had never fought.

Not physically.

But the silence between them was a war.

When Kyun-tae vanished last semester, people thought Jae-seok would rise. But instead, he only grew more silent, like a soldier waiting for the real war to begin.

Now, that war was here.

By afternoon, rumors danced through the halls like ghosts.

“They’re going to fight.”

“No, Jae-seok said he wants to talk .”

“What’s worse than a fight?”

“Whatever happens when two monsters meet.”

After school, Jae-seok walked straight into the music hall — the only place Kyun-tae ever went that didn’t involve power.

He opened the door.

Kyun-tae was there. Alone. Playing piano — a slow, haunting tune that no one would dare admit was beautiful.

Their eyes met.

No words.

Just a stillness.

Like two hurricanes staring at each other from opposite oceans, knowing eventually — the world would not be big enough for both of them.

Then, Jae-seok said the first and only sentence of the day:

“You came back to rule.

I never left, because I never bowed.”

He turned and walked away.

Kyun-tae paused his playing. One note hung in the air — unresolved.

The war had not begun.

But the countdown had.

End of Chapter 2.

CHAPTER 3: THE SON OF SIN

It rained on the day he arrived.

Not the kind of rain that cooled the heat — the kind that blurred windows and made the world look haunted.

Chungdam High was already on edge. With Nam Kyun-tae returned and Oh Jae-seok sharpening his silence, tension had turned the air into glass — ready to shatter.

But no one expected a third storm.

At 10:44 AM, in the middle of second period, the door to Class 2-B opened mid-lecture. No knock. No announcement.

Just a presence.

The teacher paused mid-equation. Students turned. Something about the doorway felt wrong — too quiet, too still, like a movie scene that breaks reality.

He walked in like he'd always belonged.

Shoes soaked, uniform disheveled, black backpack slung lazily over one shoulder. The Chungdam crest was stitched in, but beneath it was something else — a faded silver pin in the shape of a tiger skull. No one had seen that before.

His name was on the transfer slip:

Do Gwan-woo.

Son of Do Tae-min.

Korea's most infamous underworld boss — a ghost who never got caught, a man whose enemies disappeared, not died. Rumors said his son was being sent to Chungdam as part of a “deal.”

The teachers knew who he was. That's why the principal didn't speak of it. That's why the director avoided eye contact when Gwan-woo walked through the admin block earlier.

He looked young, but not soft.

He looked calm, but not safe.

He didn't try to impress.

He didn't need to.

He didn't speak until attendance was called.

"Do Gwan-woo?" the teacher asked.

He raised a hand, but didn't look up. His voice was casual, slow.

"Just Gwan is fine. The name 'Do' has too much blood on it."

No one laughed. Not even the class clown.

He sat in the empty seat by the window — one that hadn't been used in months. As if the room had saved it for him.

By lunch, stories began mutating through the school like wildfire.

“He was in a juvenile prison in Jeju.”

“They say he took out three boys with a lunch tray.”

“He got stabbed once and kept the blade.”

“He’s not violent. He just... watches. And then you disappear.”

On the rooftop, Jae-seok lit another cigarette. Word had already reached him.

“He’s here,” said his friend Min-ho.

“Let him be,” Jae-seok replied. “A dog who bites without barking is no concern of mine.”

In the library, Kyun-tae read the same sentence four times, unmoved. Then finally closed the book. He whispered to himself:

“A gangster’s son in a school of kings.

Let’s see if he bows, bites... or burns.”

But Gwan-woo... he wasn’t looking at either of them.

At 3:01 PM, he sat alone in the back of the music hall.

No one saw him enter.

He just sat there, watching the keys of the piano. Not playing. Not listening.

Watching.

Like he was waiting for someone else to play — so he could learn what they feared.

By the end of the day, a message had been carved into the back of a bathroom door:

"First the Crown. Then the Tiger. Now the Ghost walks."

Three villains.

Three legends.

And the school was no longer a school.

It was a kingdom cracking beneath its own throne.

End of Chapter 3.

CHAPTER 4: THE ONE WHO BROUGHT DEATH

Every school has ghosts.

But today, Chungdam High found out it had something worse.

A boy who brought a gun to school.

Third period had just ended. The corridors buzzed with usual chaos — whispers about Kyun-tae's return, Jae-seok's rooftop silence, and Gwan-woo's eerie presence in the music room.

Then came the scream.

Not from fear.

From shock .

A locker near Class 1-C had been blown open — not forced, not pried — blown . Metal twisted outward, blackened. The door hinge embedded in the opposite wall.

And standing just a few meters away was him .

He wasn't in uniform.

Black cargo pants. Combat boots. A long black hoodie with silver zippers and red thread sewn into the sleeves. His face was narrow, gaunt — almost skeletal — with

deep eye sockets and pale lips. His hair was jet black, cut unevenly like he did it himself. On his left cheek: a long faded scar.

But it wasn't his look that made students freeze.

It was what hung from his hand.

A gun.

Not a toy. Not a replica.

Real. Cold. Silent.

A matte black Glock 19, customized with an extended mag and worn grip tape.

He held it loose — like it wasn't special. Like it was normal . Like it had always belonged there.

Teachers were alerted. Students were rushed to classrooms. Lockdown initiated.

But no one dared approach him.

Security arrived.

But they didn't rush in.

They hesitated.

Because they recognized him.

Jin Seo-jun.

The name had vanished from records two years ago. Supposedly expelled for mental health reasons. But the real rumor was darker.

“He was found training with a rogue militia group in the north.”

“He never threatens. He just decides.”

“He once told a teacher: ‘Words are for people who want to be heard. I don’t.’”

No one knew why he was back. No one knew how he walked in with a weapon. And no one dared to ask.

He didn’t make demands.

He didn’t speak.

He walked to the middle of the courtyard and sat on the stone bench — casually, gun resting on his lap like it was just part of his anatomy.

And then he pulled out a crumpled piece of paper and wrote one sentence.

A girl from Class 2-B, brave or foolish, crept close enough to see it before running away pale.

The paper said:

“FOUR SEATS.

LET’S SEE WHO BREAKS FIRST.”

Inside the faculty room, panic ruled.

“How did he get in?”

“Who let him back in the system?!”

“Is that a real firearm!?”

The principal whispered, “He’s not here for the school.
He’s here for them.”

Them.

Kyun-tae.

Jae-seok.

Gwan-woo.

And now, Seo-jun .

The Fourth Villain .

The Gunman in the Garden .

That evening, as the sun dipped over the Gangnam skyline, a message was posted anonymously on the school’s private student forum.

Just one image.

A shadowy photo of the courtyard bench. Four chairs around it. One occupied.

Caption:

“The table is set. Let the devils dine.”

End of Chapter 4.

We now have four villains:

1. Nam Kyun-tae – The Silent Monarch
2. Oh Jae-seok – The Wolf Who Bows to No One
3. Do Gwan-woo – The Ghost in Uniform
4. Jin Seo-jun – The Gunman Who Doesn't Speak

CHAPTER 5: THE STUDENT WHO DIDN'T EXIST

The boy arrived without sound, without fanfare, and without a real name.

His documents were flawless.

His ID, forged with official seal and Ministry watermark.

His accent? Seoul-perfect.

His record? Clean.

His face?

"Unmemorable," said one teacher after orientation. "But polite."

His real name wasn't on any list.

To the faculty, he was Han Su-min , a transfer from Busan.

To his handlers, he was Wolf-72 — one of the youngest assassins ever trained by North Korea's Phantom Division.

To himself, he had no name. Only a mission.

"Locate and eliminate the South Korean President's only son, currently embedded at Chungdam High under a false civilian identity."

That son had been hidden among the elite — not in a military academy, not in politics — but buried like a needle in a haystack of rich, dangerous children. The belief was: "No one would look for him in a school of monsters."

But North Korea did.

And they sent Su-min.

He chose his seat carefully — second row from the back, near the fire exit, with line-of-sight to the courtyard and main hallway. He mapped escape routes mentally, counted CCTV blind spots, and memorized every teacher's routine within 72 hours.

He didn't speak much.

He didn't need to.

He listened .

The first week, he saw Kyun-tae in the music hall, hands gliding over piano keys like he wasn't made of steel.

“Threat level: 4. Charismatic manipulator. Irrelevant to mission.”

The second week, he saw Jae-seok on the rooftop, laughing after cracking a locker door with his bare foot.

“Threat level: 5. Close-combat expert. Ignore unless obstructed.”

The third week, he watched Gwan-woo calmly shut down three bullies with a single stare and one broken desk leg.

“Threat level: 6. Potential contact for underground routes. Maintain distance.”

And then, he saw Seo-jun .

He had the gun out. Sitting in the courtyard. Not hiding it.

No police came.

“Threat level: Unmeasurable. Avoid. He has nothing to lose.”

Yet Su-min wasn't shaken.

Because his mission wasn't them.

It was the boy no one feared.

Kang Min-jae.

Seventeen. 2nd-year. Rank 91 out of 120 students.

Mild grades. No club activity. Lived in teacher dorms.

Polite. Soft-spoken. Didn't play sports. Didn't get into fights.

Exactly as the South Korean Intelligence Bureau designed him to be.

The President's only son. Hidden in the cracks.

"A shadow playing average."

Su-min watched him every day.

Followed his class schedule.

Counted his footsteps.

"No bodyguards. No secret service. Only a thin wire in his collar — likely a panic beacon."

A coward's line of defense.

One afternoon, during art class, Su-min sat behind Min-jae and quietly sketched something on the back of his test paper.

It was not a doodle.

It was a kill pattern .

Three angles. Two exits. One move.

The plan was nearly complete.

But something kept stalling him.

The villains.

They were too loud. Too chaotic. Their war made the school unstable. And instability could draw attention — the kind Su-min couldn't afford.

So, he waited.

Watched.

Let the tigers tear each other apart while the wolf crept through the woods, step by step.

On Friday, while Min-jae studied alone in the library, Su-min passed by and dropped a folded note near his table. The boy didn't notice.

The note said:

“Do not look for safety in walls.

They fall.”

No name. No signature.

But from that day forward, Kang Min-jae began looking over his shoulder.

End of Chapter 5.

CHAPTER 6: THE INVISIBLE GUARDIAN

Every fortress has cracks.

But the clever ones don't seal them — they station sentinels inside.

Agent Code: "KITE-9"

Real name erased from all records.

Age: 18 (on paper)

Assigned identity: Yoon Shi-ho , a transfer student from Daegu.

But he wasn't new.

He'd been at Chungdam High for over a year — long before even Kyun-tae had returned.

Planted early.

Embedded deep.

Watching.

Waiting.

Shi-ho wasn't like the villains.

He didn't need a throne like Kyun-tae.

Didn't crack skulls like Jae-seok.

Didn't radiate chaos like Gwan-woo.

And he certainly didn't carry guns like Seo-jun.

He wasn't there to be seen.

He was there to vanish behind every moment . To blur into routine. Be unforgettable in his forgettability.

He sat middle row.

Mediocre grades — not too high to attract notice, not too low to raise flags.

He smiled during roll call.

Blinked a lot.

Spoke when spoken to.

But his eyes never stopped scanning.

Target: Kang Min-jae

Condition: Unaware.

Cover: Civ student.

Threat Matrix: Changing.

And then, three weeks ago — the balance broke .

The return of Kyun-tae.

The rise of Jae-seok.

The arrival of Gwan-woo.

The weapon in Seo-jun's hand.

But it was the ghost — the boy called Han Su-min —
that made Kite-9 twitch.

"His posture. His eyes. The walk. That's not a student.
That's a blade with skin."

Shi-ho had seen it before.

In Syria. In Tokyo. In old CCTV from the DMZ.

The Phantom Division's kill-walk.

He began triangulating .

Tracked Su-min's restroom visits.

Logged his handwriting changes.

Noted his eye micro-movements during Min-jae's
presence.

And then... he saw it.

That moment in the library.

A paper dropped beside Min-jae.

A message.

Shi-ho picked it up an hour later from the trash bin.

Simple handwriting.

Clean fold.

“Do not look for safety in walls.

They fall.”

It wasn't a threat.

It was a warning.

A ritual.

That meant the kill window had opened .

Shi-ho didn't panic.

He activated Protocol Dagger .

A passive elimination route. No contact. No noise. No exposure.

He began Phase I: Isolation .

He made Su-min's name appear on a list for health check.

Delayed him.

Made sure his locker was switched during cleaning.

Changed the cafeteria seating plan just slightly, to separate him from view of Min-jae.

Small disruptions. But they added up.

Next: Distraction .

Shi-ho anonymously leaked Gwan-woo's old record to the student gossip forum.

Then triggered an alert in Seo-jun's psych file, causing two teachers to monitor him more closely.

He gave Kyun-tae a whisper — just one — about a new rival "trying to control classroom B."

And suddenly, the villains turned again toward each other .

The attention moved. The eyes shifted.

And Su-min... was blind for a moment.

That's what Shi-ho needed.

He placed a single message into the faculty printer the next morning:

“Han Su-min's father reported missing. Emotional risk. Monitor for safety.”

Unsigned. But official enough to delay his movement for days.

A silent cut.

A weapon deactivated — for now.

Min-jae? Still unaware.

But alive.

Because his life depended on not knowing.

And Yoon Shi-ho?

Still smiling.

Still blinking.

Still average.

But beneath his shoe was a blade.

And behind his back, a quiet war was unfolding.

No gunfire.

No screams.

Just one ghost hunting another —

to keep a boy from ever knowing he was almost gone.

End of Chapter 6.

Han Su-min, unable to execute the kill cleanly himself under surveillance, activates a new plan — outsourcing the assassination. He hires 100 strong, violent students, using cash, threats, or secrets — to do the job in waves. No single hit. No one to trace. Just numbers.

But he didn't account for Kite-9 .

Yoon Shi-ho — cold, patient, methodical — now enters kill prevention mode .

He doesn't report.

He doesn't expose.

He simply erases threats.

One by one.

While Min-jae , the President's son, eats lunch, studies math, laughs at memes — utterly unaware that death keeps walking beside him and falling away like shadows in the dark.

CHAPTER 7: THE WAR ONLY ONE MAN FOUGHT

Han Su-min had grown tired of patience.

"Protection surrounds him.

But protection is human.

And humans break."

He changed his strategy.

Not blade. Not gun.

Crowd.

He began assembling them from the corners of Chungdam High — the dark corners where ambition met desperation.

The expelled once and re-enrolled.

The bruised-for-hire.

The gang-linked sons of debt collectors.

The orphans trained in private boxing gyms.

The ones who'd do anything for 50,000 won and a cigarette.

Each hired student got a photo :

A blurry shot of Min-jae eating noodles in the cafeteria.

Simple instructions:

“Make it look like an accident.

One by one.

Week by week.

Nobody connects the dots.”

No single hitman.

No single weapon.

Just a rising number of ‘incidents.’

The first boy tried to stab Min-jae during judo class —
blade tucked under belt.

He never made it past the changing room.

Later, his finger bones were found shattered like
dropped glass.

He transferred schools the next morning. Never spoke again.

The second tried to poison Min-jae's lunch tray.

The poison never made it past the staff pantry.

That night, security footage showed the student being "jumped by shadows" on his walk home.

Four ribs broken. Teeth missing.

Case closed due to "gang involvement."

The third posed as a tutor.

Got access to Min-jae's dorm.

He disappeared the same evening.

Found three days later in a karaoke bar — locked in, dehydrated, muttering numbers over and over.

Shi-ho made no mistakes.

He followed quietly.

Removed threats with surgical precision.

No glory. No headlines.

Just one unspoken rule:

"No one touches the boy."

The fourth wave came as a group — three students tried to corner Min-jae in the back staircase.

Min-jae was late to class, but unharmed.

The attackers? Found knocked out cold in the janitor's closet. Fire extinguisher residue on their clothes. Zero witnesses.

Su-min started to notice something was wrong.

“They vanish.

They lose memory.

Or they return like broken glass.”

He didn't know it yet.

But someone was hunting his hunters .

And through it all... Min-jae laughed.

He texted memes to friends.

He watched K-drama reruns.

He panicked over math homework.

He smiled awkwardly at his crush from the literature club.

The President's son, living like a nobody.

And behind him?

Shi-ho walked.

Silently.

Killing not with bullets — but with silence , timing ,
and strategy .

The boy was surrounded by ghosts.

And one ghost was killing all the others.

One evening, Min-jae walked home under soft rain,
umbrella swaying.

Behind him, 80 meters away, Shi-ho leaned against a
vending machine.

And on a nearby rooftop, Su-min stared through a scope.

He didn't fire.

Because for the first time in his life... he hesitated.

End of Chapter 7.

CHAPTER 8: THE HEADLINES SCREAMED

BREAKING NEWS :

**“100 STUDENTS DEAD IN CHUNG DAM DISTRICT —
MASSACRE OR MYSTERY?”**

It started as whispers.

Teachers resigning.

Police sketching in notebooks.

Missing person flyers on school fences.

But it couldn't be contained forever.

The number crossed a line — 100 bodies , all within 28 days.

Some "accidents."

Some "suicides."

Some "gang-related."

All lies.

Someone put the numbers together.

Someone leaked the pattern.

And then came the newsbreak .

The morning it aired, every television in the Blue House
lit up with the same headline.

The President , halfway through a security briefing,
stared wordlessly at the screen.

He didn't blink.

He didn't breathe.

Until he asked one question:

“Where is my son?”

The aide stuttered.

The Defense Minister fumbled with files.

Only the head of National Intelligence stood steady.

“He’s safe. We believe he is. He’s still at Chungdam High.”

“And these dead children?” the President said, voice sharpening.

“We believe he’s the target.”

The room turned cold.

The silence was heavy — broken only by the buzz of a fly and the hum of fluorescent light.

The President's eyes narrowed.

“If even one strand of his hair is harmed...”

“Understood,” the Intelligence Chief replied. “We’ve already placed one of our best. Agent Kite-9.”

Back at Chungdam High , the atmosphere had changed.

Students wore masks — not for health, but fear.

Lockers were checked.

Backpacks searched.

Teachers hesitated to call roll.

And still... Min-jae showed up to class , on time, tie crooked, smile awkward.

He noticed the empty chairs, the quiet halls.

But he didn't ask questions.

He didn't want answers.

Su-min, however, noticed everything.

His hired army was gone — not just broken, but erased.

Some were found floating in rivers.

Others vanished without police record.

A few were sent back to their provinces — injured, silent,
or mad.

“Who?” he whispered.

He began watching the watchers.

Eyes sharp.

Ears open.

Then he saw him.

Yoon Shi-ho .

Not a villain. Not a fighter.

Too average.

Too invisible.

“You're not normal,” Su-min muttered under his breath.
“You're not one of us.”

That night, Su-min returned to his handler's burner phone and sent a message:

“Assassination obstructed.
Counter-operative suspected.
Possible South Intelligence presence.
Request escalation.”

Meanwhile, inside the staff office, Shi-ho received an unmarked envelope.

He opened it slowly.

Inside:

A USB drive

A photo of Su-min

And a single line written on red paper:

“PHANTOM DIVISION CONFIRMED. DO NOT FAIL.”

Far away, the President sat at his desk in silence.

He held an old drawing — one Min-jae made when he was six.

A house.

A tree.

And himself smiling between his mother and father.

Now one of those smiles was in danger.

And the storm was only beginning.

End of Chapter 8.

CHAPTER 9: BLOOD FROM THE INVISIBLE

The day started normal.

Chungdam High's bell rang at 8:00 AM.

Min-jae yawned in homeroom.

Shi-ho sat four seats behind him — as always.

Su-min sharpened his pencil slowly, watching Shi-ho's reflection in the window glass.

But by 8:12 AM , both boys would be dead .

And nobody would understand why.

LOCATION: Rooftop of Building C — 7:45 AM

Yoon Shi-ho stood silently, waiting.

He had received intel: Su-min would attempt a direct kill today — no intermediaries.

Protocol allowed pre-emptive strike.

Shi-ho had prepared a non-lethal syringe.

His plan was to sedate Su-min , frame him, and remove him as a threat permanently — no death, just disappearance.

But Su-min arrived early.

Too early.

He was already behind Shi-ho.

“You’re not so silent anymore,” Su-min whispered, knife grazing Shi-ho’s neck.

Shi-ho didn’t move.

He spoke calmly.

“You failed your mission. You’re burned. They will erase you.”

“And you’re already dead,” Su-min replied.

They moved in one fluid motion.

Steel clashed.

Blood sprayed.

Both were trained to kill.

But suddenly — it wasn't a clean fight.

Because someone else was there .

Security Footage (Later Recovered, But Corrupted)

7:52 AM

Two figures visible: Shi-ho, Su-min.

7:53 AM

Glitch.

7:54 AM

A third shadow appears. Not labeled.

7:55 AM

Both bodies fall.

7:56 AM

Shadow walks away. Camera glitches out.

7:57 AM

Feed returns. Rooftop empty. Blood on railing.

When the janitor found them at 9:03 AM, the scene was surgical.

Shi-ho: single puncture below left ear.

Su-min: spine severed from behind. No struggle.

Both dead within seconds.

No evidence of struggle beyond each other.

Authorities assumed mutual kill .

They were wrong.

THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

The report arrived in a sealed folder.

Two names.

One photo.

Dead.

The President stood still.

“Shi-ho...” he whispered. “You weren’t supposed to die.”

A deeper silence followed.

Then came a second folder, quietly handed by the
National Intelligence Chief.

No name.

Just one image — blurry, zoomed-in, frame from rooftop
cam:

A tall student.

Black gloves.

No school uniform.

No visible face.

Just a symbol stitched into the sleeve:

A white serpent eating its own tail.

The President stared. Eyes narrowing.

“We didn’t send him.

Did they ?”

MIN-JAE

He was in music class.

Laughing quietly.

Blissfully unaware that the two men who had secretly
hunted and protected him had both been killed within
five minutes .

Unaware that a new force had just entered his world.

More powerful.

More silent.

More merciless.

Now the board is empty.

The spy is gone.

The assassin is gone.

And someone else just made their first move.

End of Chapter 9.

CHAPTER 9 (UNFOLDED): THE HAND THAT HIDES THE BLADE

The world saw two students dead.

But that's not what happened .

What happened began 14 days ago... in Beijing.

SECRET MILITARY BUNKER – SOUTHERN CHINA

A narrow concrete room.

No windows.

Only three men present.

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